THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

"GO—SET THE WORLD ON FIRE"—thus spoke St. Ignatius Loyola to St. Francis Xavier. And Xavier did set it on fire—on fire with the love of God. Mr. J. Vincent Watson, S.J., commemorates the "patron of missionaries" on the four hundreth anniversary of his mission journey to India.

"WE FLEW THE NATIONALIST FLAG IN PATNA!" Sister M. Laetitia, who is the superior and a pioneer of our Patna mission band explains in detail just what happened.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE that our soldiers and nurses exhibit daily in almost every corner of the globe will carry over into the service of Christ—if we pray! In writing on the mission intention for this month Father John P. Lynch, C.S.C., urges us to pray and pray much that God may give to the youth of today the inspiration and the grace to give themselves in the service of Christ in the missions.

"IN INDIA THE WOMEN FROM THE VILLAGES have a set of advantages and disadvantages that make the outcome of any serious illness a highly doubtful and baffling affair." Sister Elise Wijnen, M.D., recounts how some of the problems and illnesses of the "village wallahs" are met and solved at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEND YOUR CHRISTMAS IN A STRANGE LAND "of warm blue skies and fields that are fresh and green in December?" You will not be disappointed. It will still be Christmas—a **real** Christmas—in Patna-land!

SAKINA WAS A LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL who contracted leprosy. Sister Alma Julia told the story of Sakina in a letter to her young niece. But there is much in it for grown-ups too.

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SISTER M. LOYOLA, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct Hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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"Whilst There Is Life There Is Hope . . ."

"Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened and bud forth a savior." Thus passionately cried out the prophet Isaias over two millenniums ago, when, to use his words, the whole head of his nation was sick and the whole heart sad. "From the sole of the foot to the top of the head," he complains, "there is no soundness therein; wounds and bruises and swelling sores; they are not bound up, nor dressed, nor fomented with oil. The country is desolate, the cities are burnt with fire, the country is devoured by strangers, and it shall be desolate as when wasted by enemies." And he gives the reason. He says—"Hear, oh ye heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken. I have brought up children, and exalted them: but they have despised me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but Israel hath not known me, and my people have not understood."

"Woe to the sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a wicked seed, ungracious children: they have forsaken the Lord, they have blasphemed the Holy One of Israel, they are gone away backward"—thus says Isaias.

"Since then there came forth a rod out of the root of Jesse and a flower rose out of his root. For a child was born to us, and a son was given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder. The spirit of the Lord rested upon him, the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and of fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of godliness, and he was filled with the spirit of the fear of the Lord. He was not to judge according to the sight of the eyes, nor reprove according to the hearing of the ears, but to judge the poor with justice and reprove with equity the meek of the earth; and justice was to be the girdle of his loins and faith the girdle of his reins.

Be strengthened
in the coming of the Lord your God,
O house of Jacob;
for you shall see the Saviour
planting the seed of life,
the light of His Majesty.
And you who are straightened,
endure till the coming
of the Prince of Justice—
Who will take away
the sickness of all the world.
Watch his path;
make strong your limbs;
gather up your strength,
and hasten in the coming
of the Lord your God.
(Matins of the Thursday of the first week of Advent—Mozarabic Liturgy.)

"He, the Wonderful One, the Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace, has appeared in our midst.

"And the land that was desolate and impassable was glad, and the wilderness rejoiced, and it budded forth and blossomed. The faint-hearted were told: 'Take courage and fear not: behold your God will bring the revenge of recompense. God Himself will come and will save you.'

"Then the eyes of the blind were to be opened and the ears of the dumb were to be unstopped. Then the lame man was to leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb was to be free: for waters were to break out in the desert, and streams in the wilderness.

"And that which was dry land was to become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. In

the dens where dragons dwelt before, the verdure of the reed and bulrush was to rise up.

"And a path and a way was to be there, and it was to be called the holy way: the unclean were not to pass over it, and this was to be unto us a straight way, so that fools should not err therein.

"And the redeemed of the Lord were to return and come into Sion with praise, and everlasting joy was to be upon their heads. They were to obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning was to flee away."

And it all came to pass as Isaias foretold. The face of the earth was changed—a Christian civilization began which was held up by the pillars of justice and faith. It grew and was strengthened throughout the centuries, and reached its zenith in the ages of faith when giants of holiness, of art and of literature arose—when the craftsman was honored and adequately remunerated — when labor was a gift to God and not merely a means of livelihood — when the social order was running in the smooth channels of the guilds.

Then history repeated itself. Just as the Jews were infiltrated by the poison of idolatry from contact with the pagan nations, and as they became negligent and lax in times of prosperity, so gradually many Christians lost the savor of a supernatural outlook on life. They became insipid and tasteless and could no longer salt the earth with their influence and example.

Then came the big crash of 1517, when Luther posted his ninety-five Theses on the door of the castle church of Wittenberg, making a formal break with the Church.

Exactly two hundred years later a tragedy of no less consequence brought about the separation from Christ. It was the foundation of the Freemasonry Lodges in England in 1717. The essence and ramifications and results of this event seem little known yet.

The third tragic break was prepared by a host of exponents of the superman, who would get along without God. Voltaire, Rousseau, Kant, Huxley, Spencer, and Nietsche are but a few of them. And indeed, God was formally blasphemed and dismissed by the Bolshevist revolution of 1917.

And now that a large part of Christendom is separated from the Church and Christ and even God, we are a bankrupt generation. There is confusion of thought, of word and of deed. There is war on land and sea and air. Blood is flowing like rivers; the necessities of life are scarce; cultural activities are at a standstill; family ties are torn assunder, and the brutalizing forces of war are let loose.

Whilst there is life there is hope. The very tragedy of the situation makes people search for a remedy. We who are members of the Mystical Body of Christ and His Church know where alone it can be found. Knowing is something and a first requisite, but it it does not go any further, it is just an irresponsible way of living.

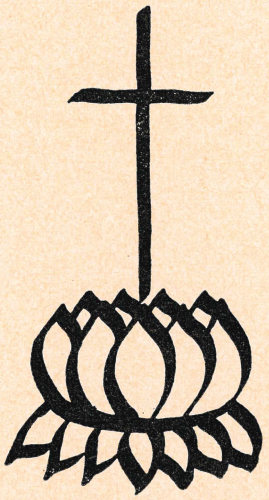
These are challenging times, when every member should so participate in thought and word and deed in the Mystical Body of Christ that he may be filled with the life-giving blood to the overflowing into the sick, dying and even dead limbs. If the members of the Mystical Body bestir themselves with new vigor, great enthusiasm, and holy ambition — there is hope that we will see a NEW ORDER which will render glory to God and bring PEACE to men of good will.

—A. D.

PEACE PRAYER OF PIUS XII

Thou hast words which penetrate and overcome hearts, which enlighten intellects, which assuage anger and extinguish hates and revenge. Break that word which will still the storm, which will heal the sick, which is light to the blind and hearing to the deaf and life to the dead.

Peace among men which Thou desirest is dead. Bring it back to life, O divine conqueror of death. Through Thee at last may the land and sea be calmed. May the whirlwinds that in the light of day or in the dark of night scatter terror, fire, destruction and slaughter on humble folk cease. May justice and charity on one side and on the other be in perfect balance, so that all injustice be repaired and the reign of right restored, all discord and rancor be banished from men's minds, and may there arise and gather strength in contemplation of a new and harmonious prosperity, true and well-ordered peace that will permanently unite as brothers, through the ages, in the harmonious search of higher good, all peoples of the human race, one in Thy sight. Amen.



Conquest for Christ

by

Mr. J. Vincent Watson, S.J.

Four centuries ago Saint Francis Xavier—armed only with the Cross—set foot on the shores of India to conquer that vast land for Christ.

Exactly four hundred years ago, a solitary invader approached the gates of India from the West. It is hardly likely that the Indian people even knew of his existence, much less likely that they suspected his intentions on their kingdom. But Saint Francis Xavier did have very definite intentions on the vast country that was India.

The approach to India was not abrupt. It was rather the culmination of this one-man blitz through the East. Already there were conquests behind him — conquests in flames. The flames resulted from a scorched policy of a very strange nature — of a very different nature. This man was merely carrying out orders from general headquarters. Ignatius — the soldier-saint — superior officer of this invader — had given Francis Xavier instructions to "set the world on fire"—to scorch the earth with the love of God. So Francis set it afire and let it burn with a desire to know more of this God of the West. The Indies had succumbed rather readily, and now gigantic India was next on his list.

India presented a peculiar problem. When he reached this vast country Saint Francis Xavier found no barricades to obstruct him — no gun emplacements to storm — no forts to reduce to rubble. He found an open-doored, quiet, apathetic India. They had saved their best weapon for him. They would swallow him up with their passive resistance. An army can always be beaten, but a conquest is farther away when you face a disinterested people. But apparently Xavier did not get the point—or, if he did, he dismissed it. He must not have realized that he was being ignored—because he won. The lone invader overcame their apathy, not with a booming cannon, but with a tinkling bell, not by sowing death, but by sowing life in Christ!

The passive resistance that awaits the Japanese juggernaut on the other side of the Indian border may prove too much for mechanized power. If it does, India is lost to the Island Empire — for Japan certainly has learned nothing from the experiences of Francis Xavier. The present prophets of the Rising Sun probably would not understand the difference between race domination and subjugation to Christ.

There are however, a few obvious things that his experience can teach the Christian world, things that four hundred years have not changed. Neither time nor circumstance can alter the truth that the human heart, even though it hides behind a pair of eyes that centuries of paganism have made dull, still longs for a love more ancient than its own paganism—that the new order that Xavier preached is not slavery to a stronger power, but a freedom found in allegiance to Christ—that it is not a new darkness, but an old light.

Japan is making big-brother promises to all the East, but India is one nation that Japan cannot help. India does not need the rule of the Rising Sun nearly as much as it needs the rule of the Son of God.

Today the harvest in India is being trampled by the god of war —a harvest that was not gathered because the laborers were few. It may be necessary to resow and recultivate the entire field again. The experiences of Francis Xavier should serve to remind us of the price that was once paid to sow the beginnings of Christianity. We may have to pay the same price again. The point to remember is that India is worth the cost.

India is still big, still pagan, and still helpless. We may experience boom times at home, but there are no boom times in the missions. There, as always, so many owe so much to so few; that condition goes on year after year. After the war, our charity may begin at home. Where will our charity end? That is the vital question. It should end in the East where our new day begins!

When organized national selfishness, racial antipathy, and commercial self-seeking begin to display their ugly deformities in all their nakedness, then comes the time for man to know that his salvation is not in political organizations and extended trade relations, not in any mechanical rearrangement of social systems, but in a deeper transformation of life, in the liberation of consciousness in love, in the realization of God in man.—Rabindranath Tagore.

Village "Wallahs"

by

SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Quite a number of our patients at Holy Family Hospital are village "wallahs"—women from the villages round about Rawalpindi. Their problems and illnesses are many and varied.

"Come quickly, Sister! There is a native ambulance outside with a very sick patient in it. They will need some help to get her out!" This decided understatement brought the dispensary and the ward sisters on the run. Well did they know these cases—half-dead women, carried down from a mountain village miles and miles away in a ramshackle sort of cradle suspended from a long bamboo pole and carried by two men, one fore and one aft. Inside the cradle, which is usually just an out-sized wicker work-basket, squats or crouches or huddles the patient, according to the degree of illness and the amount of fatigue she has had to endure.

In this case a young Mohammedan woman was lying crumbled up in the last stages of exhaustion—a tiny newborn babe beside her. To all appearances she was more dead than alive, pale as a ghost, mouth half open, eyes rolled up and head lolling back and forth on a non-too-clean cushion. Lifting her up out of the "palki," Sister was startled by the burning heat of the poor woman's body, noticeable even through the rough pajamas she wore. She was as limp as a bundle of rags and lay there breathing stertorously, while the baby whimpered in some relative's arms.

Nurses and students clustered around her, trying to make her more comfortable, while the doctor interviewed the relatives and gave her a hasty going-over. It transpired that the baby had been born about ten days ago in the village, with the help of the usual native midwife. The mother had had a severe hemorrhage, unchecked for a long time, despite the crude methods of treatment employed. For many days she had seemed more dead than alive, but finally she had rallied a bit, only to succumb to the dreaded sepsis a short time later. Since then she had been burning with fever, unable to talk or swallow, and at last completely comatose. Distracted with grief and anxiety, the relatives had pooled their few possessions, hired a palanquin and carried her down the mountain to our hospital, as a last and probably forlorn effort.

Most of us shook our heads sadly after that story. "Not much hope here," we thought. A few quick tests and a more thorough examination brought to light many serious items. The patient's blood was very anemic and down to one-fifth of its normal strength. Her temperature registered 105, and her thready pulse about 150. A physical examination and a white blood count gave evidence of widespread sepsis. But "Never say die," is the motto in medicine, and soon we had half a dozen people working on her and for her, starting a subcutaneous saline injection, giving sulfanilimide deep into the muscle and heart stimulants under the skin. Under all these needle pricks she became a little restless, but a small dose of morphine soon settled that. She dropped off to sleep, her face smoothed out like a child's and her weary brown hands relaxed on the bedspread.

The next morning she actually looked a little better, opened her eyes and made an attempt to swallow. We were astonished and delighted, and with united efforts continued our attempts to sustain her life. For many days she hung in the balance—now a little better, then worse again with new complications, until finally she decided to settle down on the road to recovery. This took a long time. Her excessive anemia yielded but slowly to liver and iron. Immediately upon her arrival the family had been approached on the subject of a blood transfusion, but with typical village indecision and fear of the unknown they had deferred and dilly-dallied until it became evident that the patient would probably get well without it. And recover she did! Six weeks later a cluster of excited and complacent relatives, with a resurrected Fatma in their midst, embarked on the long trek back to the village to publish the good news to an astounded neighborhood.

Would that all stories about village "wallahs" would end so happily! But the people from the countryside have a combination of characteristics, a set of advantages and disadvantages, that make the outcome of any serious illness a highly doubtful and baffling affair. On the one hand they have the endurance, the wiry physique and the healthy blood that results from simple living, healthy diet and hard work in the open air and that gives them a marvelous start in any illness. But on

A Pathani mother and her children warming themselves at an "anghitti" (charcoal stove) in our hospital .

the other hand, ignorance, fear, superstition, crude native medicine and the distance from adequate hospital facilities often ruin their chances of recovery.

On the whole we like our village "wallahs." They are a welcome change from many of the city women—flabby, anemic and pampered, with a million minor complaints. They do make nice recoveries, and they are most pathetically grateful. The ones we prefer, of course, are those whom we can really help—who need only the benefit of modern medicine or surgery, while the nature will do the rest — some one like little Jamilla, for instance, whose arm had grown fast to her side, due to scar tissue from an old burn in the armpit. She was a solemn-faced four year old, with her dark hair cut Dutch-boy fashion, and her ear lobes pierced by innumerable huge silver rings, which jingled and tinkled like sleigh bells every time she turned her little head.

After the operation, which removed the scar tissue and freed the arm, the large wound had to be dressed frequently. We used to stand Jamilla up on a stool, and with the help of several student nurses we managed to get fresh dressings on her. It was painful of course, and the poor baby did not like it one bit, but she had Pathan blood in her and took it like a soldier. Her favorite method of registering her protest and relieving her feelings was to chant the Koran at the top of her lungs, in the characteristic psalm-like intonation of the Mohammedan prayers. Her mother and grandmother and a couple of aunts used to hover just outside the utility room where we did the dressings, and they would answer her more impassioned verses in kind. The combination of the two was as impressive as it was penetrating!

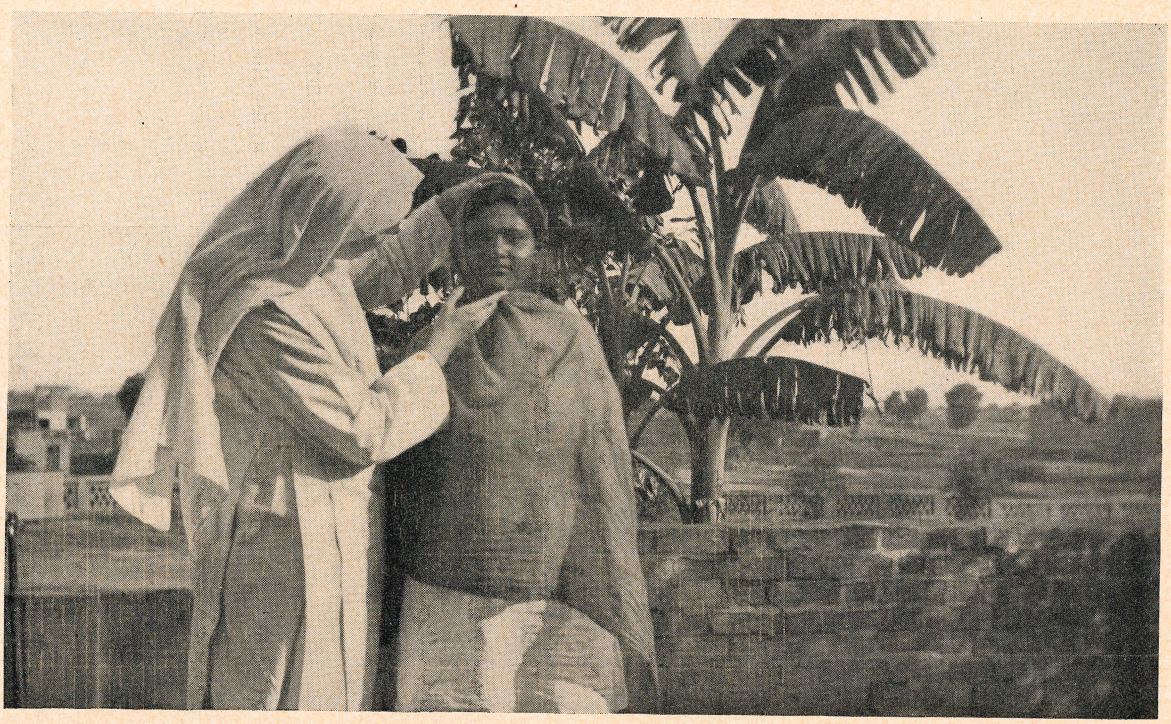
One of our village trips brought us a rather unusual patient! About a week after the trip we were presented with a young maiden whose left eye was deformed and useless. It had been injured in childhood; infection had set in and been neglected, and the result was that the pupil of the eye was covered with dense, white scar tissue. Not only was the eye an ugly sight, but it was completely blind as well. All that had happened about ten years ago. Then why the sudden solicitude about it? The answer was found in the girl's age. She was going on fifteen, and the unsightly eye was spoiling her chances of a good marriage. Young men are getting rather particular nowadays, and they demand a good-looking bride, as well as a decent dowry!

At any rate, when Begum Jan's family heard that we could remove the eye and put a nice glass one

Sometimes an ox-cart brings the village women to our dispensary.

in its place, they saw a solution to their problem. After much deliberation, and after the great uncle on the mother's side, as well as every other male relative, had given his consent, they decided to remove Begum Jan and her people to Rawalpindi, and camp on the hospital compound until the girl's eye was "changed," as they euphemistically put it. We were pleased with the patient and the operation, but a shade less taken with the light housekeeping and the family washing which accompanied her. That is the penalty for a village case, however, so we had to put up with it. In two weeks the eye-socket was healed far enough to try a glass eye in it. The result was gratifying beyond description. The girl looked like a million dollars, and behaved accordingly! To see her walking down the street, smiling all over, and flirting discreetly behind her veil, one would hardly recognize the beaten-down, shame-faced "Orphan Annie" of before! Even in a close-up it required inside information to be able to detect the eye from the shop. The relatives were so elated and so proud of it that they bragged about the danger of the operation and the price of the substitute eye to anyone who would listen. They would make the girl display all the eyeball movements of which she was capable before a circle of loudly admiring friends and acquaintances.

About three times a week the lorries from the surrounding villages deposit a cluster of women on our dispensary doorstep. They are usually Mohammedan, typical Punjabis with almost no Urdu at their command, and, as Sister Bernadette says, "They have no understanding!" The workings and processes of modern medicine are a closed book to them. When you ask them what is the trouble, they silently hold out their wrist for you to feel their pulse. "You are the doctor; you find out."—that is their motto. From such findings it is the doctor's job to ascertain that they have been married ten years and want a baby, or that they have a pain in their stomachs after they eat curry. Usually the only thing to do is to call in the male relative from his waiting place in the compound and get the main complaint from him—given, as a rule, in beautiful Urdu, with many honorifics and respectful adjectives. Even then it is not easy to satisfy these patients. A complaint of several years' standing must be cured with one bottle of medicine, preferably in three days, or the hospital is no good. Pathetic cases often wander through that dispensary—childless women, blind little girls, victims of osteomalacia, terminal tuberculosis and cancer, cripples and women with numerous hysterical complaints. No one short of a miracle worker could do anything for them, and yet they persist in making the rounds of the hospitals and dispensaries in search of the magic drug that will cure their ills. One cannot help but admire their patience and good temper—even while enduring their ignorance and importunity.



Begum Jan in person—after her eye was "changed" at Holy Family Hospital.

We Flew the Nationalist Flag in Patna!

by

Sister M. Laetitia, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Nehru and several other leaders were arrested on the eve of the civil disobedience movement. An attempt was immediately made by the Congressmen to seize Patna.

A great crowd came to the hospital and by force planted a flag on top of our cathedral hospital. They were polite but firm. "Congress," said they, "does not wish to outrage the modesty of any ladies." They would give us full protection, but that flag must fly!! Some of the crowd were for looting the hospital. But the Sister pointed out that there was practically nobody but women in the place—sick Indian women mostly. An argument followed between the Congress leaders of the crowd and the dacoit badmash element. By a very narrow margin the Congressmen won—and the sisters live to tell the tale!

A rumor started that all the sisters were going to run away—but the rumor forgot to state where, as all communications with any other part of the city had been cut off. Telegraph wires were cut, big holes were dug across the road, and trees and bricks and mud were made into barricades along the street. The bricks might come in handy as missiles! Trains were derailed and tracks torn up so there was no possibility of going anywhere.

However opinion was divided. Said some of the patients' menfolk—"These people will not run away. If they have to die they will die, but they will never desert their post." But, as a precaution, about half of the patients went home, although about thirty remained, mostly because they had to.

That night all was quiet around the hospital, although firing was heard in the distance. During the night a whispered request came from the house opposite to put out all the lights—so the wards ran on moonlight—not shine!

Rumor now had it that a trainload of British soldiers, trying to get through, had been derailed outside of Patna City, and the people were most desperately afraid they might get through. The neighbors did not realize that the hospital had nothing to fear from British soldiers.

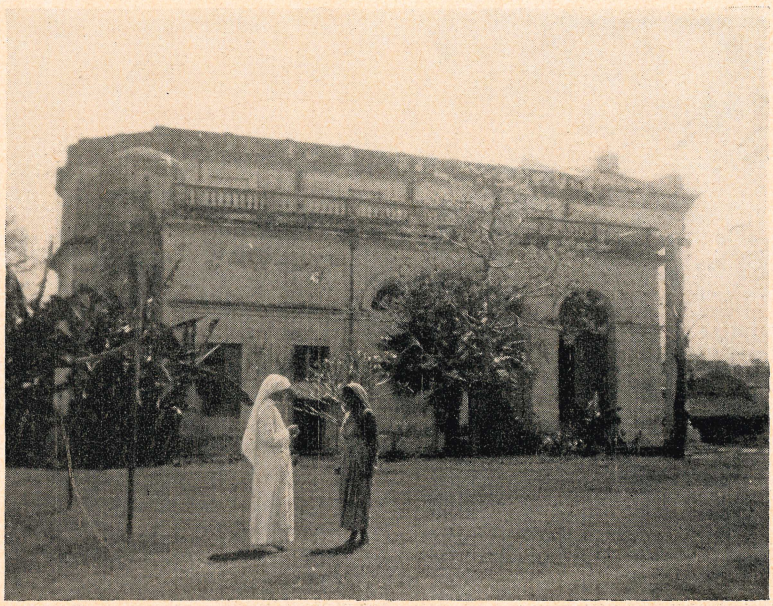
A small municipal hospital nearby had all its wooden beds and stools burned by the looters.

Two days later the mali came racing up the garden, his eyes almost starting out of his head. "Sister, Sister, close and lock the gate! The British soldiers are here! Trucks full of them!" Mali did not know what news he was bringing. It was only on seeing "trucks full of them" that the sisters realized they had been living under a bit of a strain, in spite of their safety pass — the Congress flag still merrily waving in the breeze!

Naturally the sisters went down to the gate where the lorries had stopped, as the soldiers had to clear the roads every few yards and fill in the holes so that they might proceed.

Poor men! They had been without sleep for two or three nights, and they thought they were seeing

(Continued on Page 159)



Our "cathedral hospital" where the Indian national flag waved merrily in the breeze!

"That the Kingdom of Christ May Be Extended Through Increased Numbers of Foreign Missionaries"

by The Rev. John P. Lynch, C.S.C.

Mission Intention for December

Some of our American boys, Catholic and non-Catholic, returning temporarily from almost every corner of the globe, say that the Catholic Church ought to be called the "United Nations Church." They found it everywhere, they said, and everywhere it is the same.

It is tragic that they have to be sent to every corner of the globe to fight, to wound and to kill, but it is necessary, so it seems, that freedom may survive and may be extended throughout the world. They march off gladly—willingly—to sacrifice if necessary their lives for us that we may remain free. We think there is nothing too good for them, and all fall millions of their parents and friends have been striving to select and deliver suitable Christmas gifts to them.

There was Another Who willingly, gladly, gave us the greatest gift that man can give—His life—so that we may live as free men. "I came that you might have life and have it more abundantly." He gladly and proudly died that we might live—eternally.

In simple gratitude, nothing is too good for Him either. We should not have to rack our brains wondering what to give Him for Christmas—not when we see that the December Mission Intention is "That the Kingdom of Christ may be extended through increased numbers of foreign missionaries."

This gift—missionaries — He wants, and this gift is within our ability. He said so one time very definitely and clearly: "The harvest indeed is abundant, but the laborers are few. Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest."

We know that prayers earn grace, and it is grace that implants in youth the desire to be a missionary. Discussions and sermons are of some use, yes, but grace earned through prayer gets through to the hearts and minds of youth where it registers far more than words.

Is youth today too materialistic, too selfish, to answer this call of sacrifice for such an ideal? American youths give us millions of "no's" in action as we see the tremendous outpouring of idealism and sacrifice in our soldiers—the intense, cool, often joyous spirit of sacrifice which they exhibit daily. And for what ideal? To keep freedom and to extend it to others, to the down-trodden and the conquered.

This amazing spirit is vividly set forth in a letter by one boy on Bataan to his parents. Although he knew his cause, temporarily at least, was hopeless, he wrote:

> "I have seen some horrible things happen, but I have also seen wonderful acts of courage, sacrifice and loyalty. At last I have found that for which I have searched all my life—a cause and a job in which I can lose myself completely and to which I can give every ounce of my strength and my mind.
>
> "During the last two months I have been a part of one of the most unselfish cooperative efforts that have ever been made by any group of individuals . . . If the same spirit were devoted to world betterment in time of peace what a good world we would have."

The spirit, the sacrifice, the idealism of foreign missions were just made to meet that boy's spirit—and there are thousands like him in our army who would cross the seas to foreign lands not to wound and kill, but to heal and lift up, lift up not just to a material and temporary freedom, to a limited earthly happiness, but to an eternal, unlosable freedom and happiness which is the Kingdom of God in heaven.

Nor, of course, is that heroism and spirit of sacrifice for an ideal limited to the men in our army. In the army of Christ in China there was a Maryknoll sister, captured by the Japs in Hong Kong, who

> "pushed aside a Japanese sentry's bayonet, beckoned to a Japanese officer to lend her his shoulder and vaulted unto a truck of wounded Japanese to care for a patient, just from the operating room who, she saw, needed treatment."

This war can have good results over and above mere material aims. It is making our youths think. It is arousing their finest instincts of sacrifice, courage, idealism and enthusiasm, and it is not limited to the soldiers, as you see that girls, too, rush to serve anywhere in the world—the Army and Navy nurses for example. Youth is on the march. They want—they need—a leader and a cause in which they can lose themselves completely and to which they can give every ounce of their strength and mind.

There is a Leader of Whom they can be proud always and Whom they can love always. There is a cause too, which asks them not to wound and crush down, but to heal and lift up their brothers in Christ, no matter what the color of their skin.

Youth is ready and will be more so after the war. Christ wants more laborers, soldiers and nurses. Many of these soldiers and nurses—and their younger brothers and sisters too—will go back willingly to these points all over the world—will go back to stay and to serve that King and His Cause. They will go back if we get through to their generous hearts the inspiration and determination to be a missionary—inspiration and determination due to grace earned by our prayers now: **"That the Kingdom of Christ may be extended through increased numbers of foreign missionaries."**

Sakina

by

Sister Alma Julia, S.C.M.M.,
Ph.G., M.T.

A little orphan girl becomes a leper. And then . . . ?

Dear Mary Theresa:

My heart was quite broken the other day about something. It is a bad policy to let one's heart get broken—but sometimes it happens anyway. We were having our usual crowd of dispensary patients when Sister Bernadette drew aside one of the little patients waiting to be seen by the doctor and brought her back to the medicine section (or partition) where I was filling prescriptions.

"Sister, I think this little girl has leprosy," she said.

I agreed with her, so we kept the child separate until we could get the doctor to examine her. But it was one of those obvious cases in which lay people themselves can give you the diagnosis. She was a leper.

But—who brought her? Where did she come from? What was to be done about her?

The answers to these questions will take some time to explain. Sakina, for that was her name, was about twelve years old. She was an orphan. The lady who brought her to the clinic is what we might call the "Lady Bountiful" of her particular village. She is really a very lovely and kind Mohammedan woman who often brings us patients or refers cases to us. From her we gathered the story as far as she knew it.

Sakina was left an orphan so young that she could not even remember her parents at all. She was left destitute, or at least was destitute at this time. Out of kindness someone gave her a corner in which to sleep. She earned her food by carrying water from the well for her benefactors or by grinding the grain or performing other household tasks that commonly fall to the poor or to servants. Then, about two or three months back, she noticed that her fingers were losing their power and that a strange numbness was creeping up her wrists. Gradually the nerves contracted and the fingers drew in and other signs of this particular type of leprosy showed themselves. She could no longer lift a pail of water or use her hands even to feed herself. She could no longer earn her living but had to beg for her food.

Now I can hear you say—"Why wasn't she in an orphan asylum? A child her age should not have to earn her living anyway. Now, of course, the law will make her enter a leper asylum."

But this is not Europe or America. In India an orphan does not have to go to an asylum if she is homeless. There is no law against even able-bodied people earning their living by begging, let alone the poor. And there is no law obliging lepers to be segregated in a leper asylum or anywhere else. They can roam the streets at will, eat in public places, beg in the crowded market-places and at the doors of the Mosques and temples. This is a free country, one of the free-est in the world—at least at the time of this writing.

Now, in the United States you are not so free. If a little girl were left an orphan and no relative gave her a proper home and care, she would be whisked off to a large children's viliage where she would always have enough to eat and a good education and warm clothing, and so forth. This would continue until somebody

begged enough and proved their worthiness to adopt her, or until she was settled in life or properly married off. Should she get sick, it would not matter that she did not have a cent. She would receive competent hospital care. And if she contracted tuberculosis or leprosy the law would make her be properly segregated and most likely would see that she received the most modern conveniences and medical care and all she needed. But—in the case of Sakina it was quite different! There she sat in the dispensary while Lady Bountiful told her story, and the doctor asked medical questions. Lady Bountiful, by the way, in the kindness of her heart brought the little girl by bus from her village sixteen miles away. Now what could we do?

In the meantime Sakina listened to her condition and sad story as it was discussed before her, and there she sat with the tears running down her cheeks. It was hard to get a word out of her. She seemed to be afraid of the white faces around her. Perhaps she had never seen an American or a European before.

Alas!—we have no facilities for taking care of lepers. In all the Punjab of about twenty-five million people there is no government institution in which lepers can be segregated, and there is no law that they should be segregated. There is only one place where lepers **may** go if they wish, and that is a little Protestant Leper Hospital within twenty minutes from Holy Family Hospital.

So that was the only solution we could offer. Lady Bountiful accepted our service, hailed a tonga and bravely sat the little leper beside her and took her over to the Protestant Leper Hospital. But, believe me, that did not help to make me feel so good. I could not get the picture of the little girl with the leprous hands and the big tears running down her cheeks out of my mind. And here I never even had a chance to tell her about Someone Who loved the lepers and cured them. And Christmas was just around the corner, too. Perhaps at Christmas I could go over to see her and bring her something. "Well anyway," I consoled myself, "at that hospital she will have a clean bed and enough to eat without begging for it.

Not long after Lady Bountiful came to the dispensary with some other patient. How was Sakina? Had she heard?

"Sakina," she said, "did not like the Leper Hospital. She was too homesick for the village and her own friends. She ran away."

I can imagine the rest of the story. Again some charitable person will let her sleep in some distant corner—perhaps in an old goat-shed—now that she is a leper. Almsgiving is the duty of all good Moslems—so she will be able to live on the food she begs from door to door. Then some day, when she is no longer able to beg, perhaps someone will bring her food—and then on another day she will no longer answer the knock to hold out her bowl for the rice or "dhal" (pulses), and sooner or later someone will discover that she died during the night. Quite probably she will receive a decent burial in the village cemetery, but the danger is that someone will decide that the blanket she left behind is still pretty good and will pass it on to some other poor person, not realizing the danger from the leprosy germs.

Just today—I began to think about Sakina again. Something, I forget what, made me remember her, and all of a sudden I said to myself, "I am going to build a leper village!" As dreams cost nothing, I decided that I might as well make it a nice one—so lovely that the lepers will beg to be allowed to enter it. And this is what it would be like.

I even know the spot. There is a lovely river just below the foothills leading up to the Murree Hills. This river has huge boulders with all sorts of tiny waterfalls and large trees on either side. There are not enough trees, but I shall plant a few hundred fruit trees (orange and apricot trees and others that grow well in this district) and some nice shade trees. And there will be a main street of individual one-room houses for the grown-ups, if they care to come to my leper village. Then there will be one long, low bungalow for the girls and another for the boys with dormitories and dining rooms and play rooms—besides the playground under the trees. The dormitories will have white enamel beds with green spreads for the boys and blue ones for the girls. The floors will be tiled in the same color scheme. And we will have our own artesian well with plenty of water. All the boys will wear white Punjabi suits with green "pugris" or caps, and the girls will wear white Punjabi suits with pink or blue veils.

And we will have a radio and a victrola in the play room, and someone will teach Punjabi songs and games. There will be crocheting or knitting for those who can and like to do it, and gardening for others who prefer to garden, and other occupations for the more helpless. And those who are very, very helpless can just sit under the trees and look at the river or at the mountains, and those who are blind can listen to the radio or victrola or the chatting about them. The old men can sit under their particular tree and swap yarns, and the old women can gather under their favorite tree and spin and quarrel to their hearts' content. Of course we will give them all the very best medical treatment and make some of them well. But that is not so interesting for you. And I forgot to mention something. That is, when I am all ready, I shall write a letter to the Governor of the Punjab and tell him to make a law that all leper children must come to my hospital.

Your loving aunt in J.M.J.,
Sister Alma Julia

The historical fact that Christ was born in a stable long ago, is the outward symbol of the inner mystery that Christ is born in the heart today. For those to whom this mystery is revealed, heaven is come to earth. This, indeed, is Christmas.—Fr. James Gillis, C.S.P.

The Mission Clipper

The danger to India of the introduction of yellow fever has considerably increased with the outbreak of the war. Necessary defensive measures have been planned which have so far kept India free from this danger. Among the measures taken was the promulgation of the Indian Aircraft (Public Health) Emergency Rules . . . that no yellow-fever-infected aircraft should land at any other place than the Karachi Air Port in the case of land planes and the Karachi Marine Air Port in the case of seaplanes. They also provided for the isolation and observation in the mosquito-proof isolation hospital of persons suffering from yellow fever as well as of uninoculated persons who had been exposed to infection . . .

Sufficient stocks of yellow fever vaccine for inoculation have been obtained from the Rockefeller Foundation of New York and the Wellcome Bureau, London . . . In case there should be a shortage of vaccine, arrangements have been made to send an experienced officer of the Medical Research Department to the United States for training under the Rockefeller Foundation in the manufacture of this vaccine.

—Indian Medical Gazette.

The Government of India has decided to recruit a limited number of women medical graduates to the Indian Medical Service with full liability for general service in and out of India . . . Recruitment will be open to both Indians and Europeans below the age of 45. These women graduates will be appointed as medical officers with the relative rank of Lieutenant in the Indian Medical Service and will be granted further advancement in rank like other Emergency Commissioned officers.

—Indian Medical Gazette

Some 9,000 missionaries have been in one way or other removed from their posts. But there remain well over 50,000 still in the field. In the five countries where the missions have been hardest hit, Japan, China, Indo-China, Malaya, and the Pacific Islands, there are even yet 22,000 missionaries. In China there are over 10,000 and in Japan 2,000. Perhaps the next country to "grab the headlines" will be India. If so, we had better be prompt in sending special assistance to the 13,200 missionaries now in that vast country.—Father Gillis — Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia.

According to the report of the Central Advisory Board of Health, the incidence of leprosy, in some highly infected areas of India is judged to be as high as five to ten percent of the population surveyed.

While the problem of leprosy is primarily that of the disease in the general population, its presence among beggars causes much concern to the public. From the public health standpoint the problem of beggars with leprosy should not be ignored, and the opinion that almost all such beggars are not infective is incorrect. The situation is most acute in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay.

It is suggested that this problem be tackled from several angles. Migration might be minimized by each province providing for its own leprosy cases. A profound change in public opinion is required to prevent the assembly of beggars with leprosy at festivals.

There is a great need for a popular movement commanding the support of the public and of Indian religious and charitable organizations to work towards this end, and for spending this money in constructive work, such as the provision of leprosy colonies, hospitals and clinics.

While emphasizing the necessity for public cooperation, the Board considers that provincial and local authorities should aim at providing for the isolation of those persons who are in an infective stage of the disease. In anti-leprosy propaganda more use should be made of schools and teachers' training institutions.

The Board also recommends the establishment of a "Leprosy Institute of India," the appointment of provincial leprosy officers, and the amendment of existing legislation for leprosy control in the light of the principles recommended in the report.

—The Statesman.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. P. McManus, Council Bluffs, Iowa

Rev. Thomas Wheeler, Baltimore, Md.

Mother Mary of St. John of the Cross, St. Louis, Mo.

Mother Mary Verda, C.S.C., Holy Cross, Indiana

Sister M. Laurinda, C.S.C., Holy Cross, Indiana

Sister Mary Ferdinand, Hartford, Conn.

Miss Annie J. Dougherty, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Margaret Thor, Brooklyn, N. Y.

James A. Cahill, M. D., Washington, D.C.

Mrs. C. Vogts, Washington, D.C.

Miss Katherine O'Neill, Niagra Falls, Ontario

Christmas in Patna

The story of Our Lady and the Christ-child is recalled in this young mother and child of Patna.

by
A Medical Missionary

It was my first Christmas in Patna. No snow, no cold, no sparkling gaily-lighted tree. Surely Christmas here could never be the great day it was back home! Having been "reared" in a northern climate where ice and snow and biting cold were part and parcel of Christmas, naturally I felt just a wee bit lonesome in this new land of warm blue skies and fields that were fresh and green in December. "No," I thought to myself, "Christmas can never be the same."

But wait! Though my first Indian Christmas lacked the sparkle of ice and snow and the pungent odor of the fir tree—there were compensations, and it was Christmas!

Almost twenty-four hours before the church bells back home rang out anew the "tidings of great joy," we too, here in Patna, were called to pay our homage to the Infant King. Of course we had "prepared" for Christmas before. Our "mali" (gardener) had done his best, and there were beautiful tall poinsettas on either side of the altar and about the Crib. (In India poinsettas grow profusely and to quite a height. We have two on our compound here that are as tall as small-sized trees.)

But we really began Christmas with the three Masses at midnight. Christian patients from the hospital, Indians from the village for whom the long trek to the parish church was too far, the native nurses and our own sisters, and even a handful of Mohammedans and Hindus—all of these comprised our congregation. No group back home could have been more eager and expectant than they. Though we had no High Mass, there was no lack of joyous singing! We began with English carols during the first Mass and continued with native carols during the next two. Every once in a while someone would chime in with a line or two, and, of course, the nurses joined heartily in their own carols, so that even the walls seemed to sing out "Khudaka jalal hamesha!" (Gloria in excelsis Deo!) over and over again.

And then, when the last "gloria'" had echoed its way into the still darkness, all the people went on pilgrimage, as it were, to pray before the Crib. Led by his old grandfather, little Yusuf toddled up to say his "Khush paida-ka-din!" (Happy birthday!) to the Infant King. Miriam and Kushla and Theresa were there too, bearing garlands—two for the Child Jesus, one for Our Lady and one for St. Joseph. Here, when the people wish to show respect and honor, they "say it with garlands." That is why it was but natural for them to garland the Holy Family on this great feast.

Certainly the bright gold of the flowers added not a little to the make-shift creche. And I am quite sure that Our Lady and St. Joseph did not notice in the least the strong characteristic odor of the marigolds. Nor could they have cared that the cow and the ass were at least ten times their own group back home could have been more eager and expectant than they. Though we had no High Mass, there was no lack of joyous singing! We began with English carols during the first Mass and continued with native carols during the next two. The latter made everything seem so really nice and mission-like—and how the people

size and that the shepherd's dog was really only a miniature with a pedigree obviously of the celluloid, "dime store" variety. But in spite of all these limitations—for us and for these people—it was still "the Crib," and with moss and rocks and straw and a bright red lamp to cast its cheery glow over all, it served as our tribute to the King of Kings Who chose to be born in a stable.

In the course of the morning Santa stopped over at Patna too. There were gifts for all the servants and for the patients—warm, little, knitted caps for the babies and jeweled combs and oranges for the grown-ups. In turn we received garlands! Just as soon as we returned home, there was "mali" waiting for us with wreaths of the sweetest fragrant jasmines which he presented with many "salaams" and an enthusiastic "Barrah din ki barai!"—Blessed be this great day! And there were other gifts. Our Patna Santa was very practical and distributed clothing, blankets and other articles that could be used in the hospital.

Christmas would not have been complete without a Nativity play. Ours was given by the children, and what was most striking about it all was that they did not have to wear elaborate costumes and play a part to re-enact the Nativity scene. Every little girl on the streets wears her veil just as you see in the pictures of Our Lady, and every tonga driver and fruit vender in the bazaar dresses in the style of St. Joseph or the shepherds. All these children had to do was wear their ordinary clothes and be themselves—and lo and behold — there it was — a Christmas play such as our American children could never put over! Everything was typically Indian, and at the same time it was just as it must have been nearly two thousand years ago when Judean shepherds first found their Infant Saviour "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

And then, just before the sun went down in the late afternoon, we returned once more to the chapel for Benediction. Again there was the same gathering of Christian patients and nurses, interspersed with a few Mohammedans and Hindus. Once more native carols re-echoed the "tidings of great joy." And so, in the midst of a world as yet darkly ignorant of Christ and the blessed star of Bethlehem, the Infant King was raised on high to bless His people.

Such was our Christmas in Patna. No "white Christmas" here, no holly, no ivy, no tinseled pine and spruce—but the great reality—that which makes Christmas what it really is—the birthday of our King!

" . . . an infant wrapped in swaddling

clothes and lying in a manger . . . "

(Continued from Page 153)

things to find white women down in this congested bazaar. They looked; they blinked; they looked again! They looked at the flying Congress flag; again they looked at the American sisters; then they gave it up!

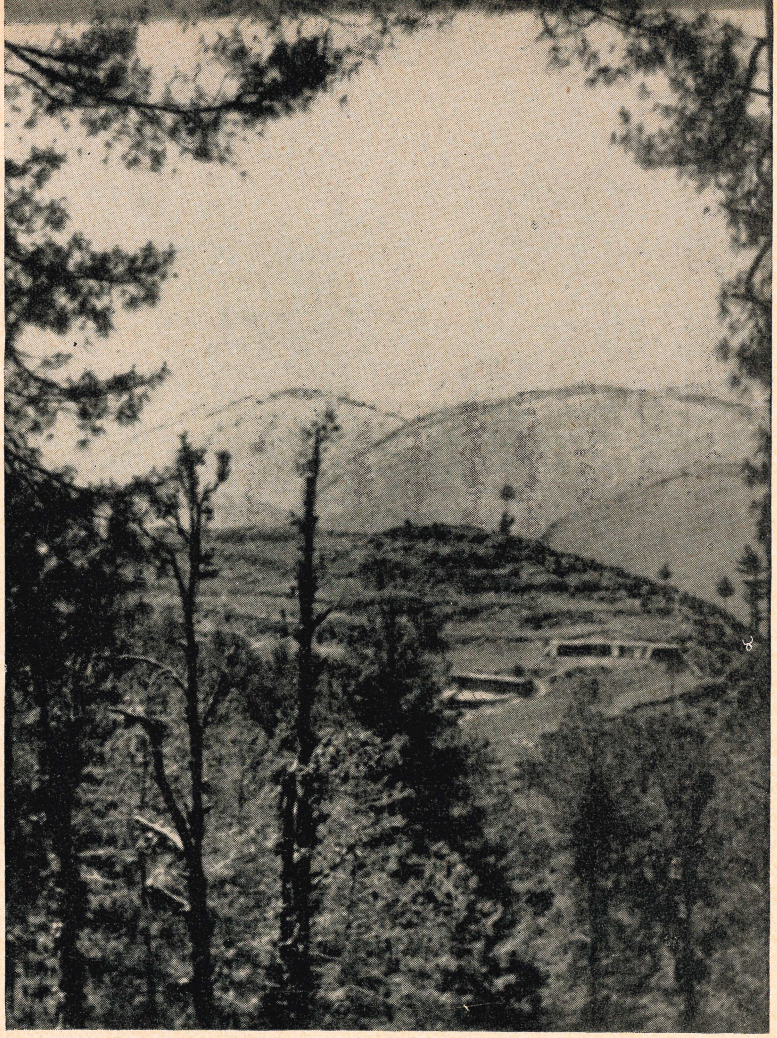
It was all very thrilling—a machine gun was attached to the front of the first truck. All the soldiers carried loaded rifles with fixed bayonets. As the lorry stopped a sharp command was given and all the men dropped off and made a bayonet charge—at thin air!

Almost miraculously the street had emptied! However, their object was to open roads, not to kill people. With rifle in one hand they hastily did what they could to make the road passable with the other. Unfortunately rifles and bayonets had to be used just beyond the hospital, but no one was killed.

One of the native sisters was on night duty, and she was a bit nervous in spite of a Medical Missionary Sister moving her bed right down beside her office. The second night the little Indian sister came up and said: "S-s-sis-sister! The-the-there are m-m-men creeping over the w-w-walls. They will k-k-k-kkill us all!" With a start the Sister got up out of bed and silently went through the compound. Not a soul in sight! After some hesitation she decided to go up the cathedral tower. She said it was the worst thing she had ever done. It seemed to be full of spiders—big, black, hairy ones which she could not even see—and she dared not carry a light! But there was nothing to be heard nor seen of the murderers of the Indian Sister's imagination—only that circular staircase full of spiders to be navigated on the return journey.

As there was some talk of evacuation, it was more or less decided to keep a suitcase packed in case such an order should come—though evacuation would only have been possible by parachutes traveling upwards instead of down—and by sheer force! One or two of the sisters did not pack. As one said: "I would rather lose my life than all our equipment, for we shall be looted if we leave."

News . . .



In the Murree hills—where tiny mud houses cling to the hillsides.

Although on the feast of Christ the King, October twenty-fifth, the skies above appeared grey and threatening, there was joy and gladness in our hearts as we gathered with our friends for the dedication of the new grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes at our motherhouse in Fox Chase. When we first discovered the "abyss"—as we jokingly called the abandoned stone quarry on our property — little did we think that three years later it would be transformed into a beautiful grotto to Our Lady. Of course, we always knew that the "abyss" would make a perfect grotto. But at that time the reality seemed to be a long way off.

Thanks to a kind benefactor, however, our dream has come true. In a niche constructed of natural rocks and stones and set in the steep wall of rock and earth, there now stands a beautiful, white, six-foot statue of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis X. Wastl dedicated the grotto and blessed the statue, and our chaplain, the Rev. John P. Lynch, C. S.C., spoke briefly on the significance of the event. Other members of the clergy who were present were: the Rev. J. Leo Boyle, the Rev. John H. Donnelly, the Rev. John F. Burke, the Rev. John H. Pichla, the Rev. George H. Shay, the Rev. John Lunney and the Rev. John Moltey, C.S.C. Also present were seminarians from the Holy Ghost Fathers' Seminary at Cornwall Heights, Pa. Members of the Medical Guild of St. Luke, Sts. Cosmas and Damian, the Pasteur Society of Jefferson Medical College and the Philadelphia Alumni of the University of Notre Dame served as ushers.

In speaking of the significance of the dedication, Father Lynch pointed out that "at Lourdes, in the days of peace, all nations and races gathered there to kneel before Our Lady—to honor her as the Queen of Heaven . . . There all boundaries of color and nation were effaced by love—the common love for the Mother of God, who is also the Mother of all mankind" . . . "Here, on these grounds," Father said, "there have been gathered and are gathered medical missionaries from America and from almost all the countries of Europe. United in the common bond of love of God and Our Lady, they have gone forth to carry the science of medicine across the seas to mission lands . . . Just as Our Lady 'smiled contentedly' upon Bernadette at Lourdes, so too she must smile today upon this scene—for here is the solution for peace. When all nations are using science to destroy and to wound, here, under the protection of Our Lady —the Queen of Heaven and the Queen of Peace — sisters from many nations can gather in peace and love to carry science to distant parts of the world—not to kill people, not to crush them—but to heal them, to raise them up—to heaven."

At the conclusion of the blessing, together with the clergy and the laity, we walked in procession to the house, praying the Rosary and singing the "Lourdes hymn" in honor of Our Lady. In so doing, we prayed especially for "that day of lasting peace, when the whole world will acknowledge the supreme sovereignity of only one Queen, Mary, and only one King, Christ."

* * *

In more ways than one, this has been a season of "blessings." About a week after the dedication of the grotto we participated in another ceremony—the consecration of our cemetery which took place, very appropriately, on the feast of All Souls. This time our chaplain, assisted by two seminarians from the Seminary of the Holy Ghost Fathers, performed

From Home and Abroad

the blessing. While we chanted the antiphon, "Asperges me," and the psalm, "Miserere," Father Lynch traversed the grounds, blessing them as he went. The ceremony concluded with the blessing of the large log cross of cedar wood which marks the center of the cemetery.

ENGLAND AND HOLLAND

Through the Red Cross Service we have received word recently that "all is well" with our sisters in Holland. As for England—our house there is "at a standstill," so to speak, but at the same time we can be very thankful that it is still standing!

FROM INDIA

Naturally the Christmas mail from India had not arrived as yet when we were going to press. In fact, these are the days when we receive news of "summer vacation happenings" in Murree in the middle of November! Sister Pauline wrote from Murree:

"Just this past week the memory of the rock garden on the side of the hill in Washington got the better of Sister Alma, so she decided to build one up here in Murree. And build it she did with the help of the Malabar girls (some of the native nurses in training at our hospital). We hope it will blossom forth in full bloom next year. We have no running water, and during the day the sun is quite hot—so every night we had to have a 'water brigade' to the spring down on the hillside to water it.

"We have a large apricot tree outside our house here in Murree, so the nurses picked what the wind had not yet blown down, and Sister Stephanie made some jam from it. They are wild apricots, so they have a nice tart taste which makes the jam very good. In fact we have so much jam now that the sisters who are going back to Pindi tomorrow will take two gallons down with them. I have already had an offer of some for Patna too."

Sister Damian continues with some more "vacation reminiscences"—

"Here in Murree we are about seven thousand feet above sea level. Our house is on the top of a very high hill and so far away from everything that we do not hear a sound. It must be very old, for some of the wood is falling down. Every time we have a storm outside there is a dust storm inside too. But the foundations of the house are very strong. Otherwise it could not withstand all the storms.

"When we climb up a little higher among the pine trees behind the house, we are practically surrounded by hills. They seem to be placed on top of each other —their sides a criss-cross patchwork of small fields—rice fields and wheat fields interspersed with the small mud houses of the villages. On the other side, in the direction of Rawalpindi, the plains stretch far away into the distance. From up here they resemble the sea—they are so blue in color.

"On the first of June we went out for a long walk. We slid down our own hill—we had to, because the pine needles are so dry and slippery it is impossible to stop. At the end of our 'slide' we landed on top of another hill which

A Punjabi woman. She balances her water-jar on the ring on top of her head.

had a foot path winding around it. This time we took the slower way down, round and round by the narrow foot path to the village. The houses are built on the sides of the hills, and to my surprise, we came out on top of the roof of a three-story mud house. When they first spied us, the children scurried away, but as soon as they realized that we wished to make friends with them, they came back. In no time there was a crowd around us. They were so kind — showing us the house and introducing us to all the neighbors. The roof of the second story of the house was the courtyard of the third story. It was quite crowded with children, goats and chickens, all running around. The inside of the house was very clean, and the mud walls were decorated with different designs, so that the effect was that of real plaster work. On the sides were shelves laden with all sorts of plates and drinking cups made of tin and huge waterpots of stone. These dishes the people use only on feast days.

"One of the women told us that she was born in this place, married here and hoped to die here— without ever having been any higher or any lower than her own mountain. The purdah system is not practiced here because the women do not leave their own property anyway. After a little talk and laughter we left and went down to see a few more houses. They all appear to be much the same. Many of the people accompanied us; they seemed to be one happy family and were much at home everywhere.

"The way the women climb over the rocks with jars of water perched on their heads is fascinating. First of all they place a rubber ring on their heads, and then on top of this goes the water jar, holding as much as a large-sized pailful. They are so at ease, climbing up and down the rocks and through the brush. Apparently nothing ever happens, and should they chance to spill a little down their necks, they do not care in the least. And, what is more, they do not spill much either!

"All the people seemed to be very happy and healthy. We looked around for sick babies, but saw none. The reason why we do not find many sick people on a chance visit like this is because the ones who are ill are really very sick, and most of them die before anyone sees them. If we made frequent visits I am sure we would discover quite a number."

Mother Anna Dengel

That the Christ-child may give you
peace—happiness—joy
this Christmas-tide
is the wish of Mother Anna Dengel
and all the Medical Mission Sisters.
To all the friends who have been
so kind and generous during the year
they assure a grateful remembrance
at the Midnight Mass which,
according to custom,
is offered for their benefactors.

In Our Library

THE RICE ECONOMY OF MONSOON ASIA, by V. D. Wickizer and M. K. Bennett. Food Research Institute, Stanford University, California. 1942. 358 pp. Clothbound, $3.50.

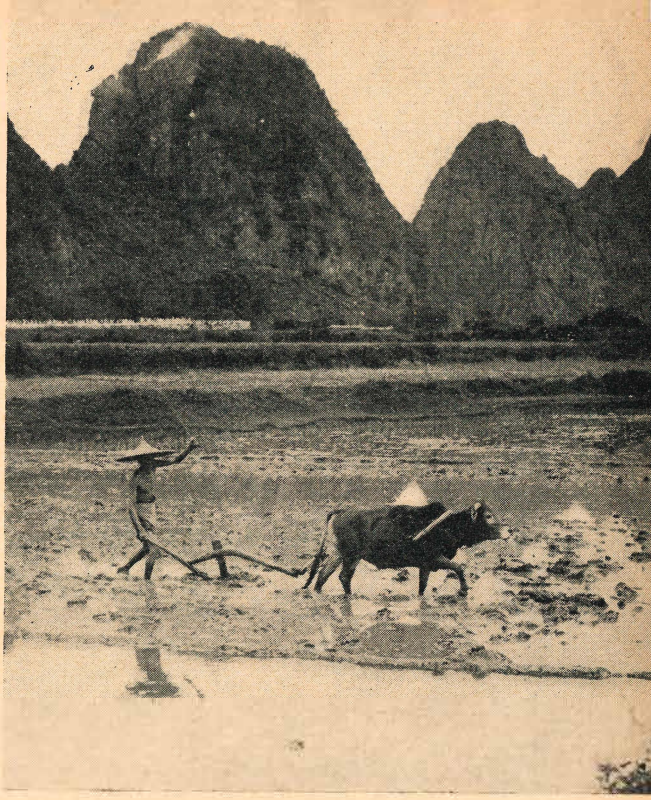
This comprehensive survey of the economic aspects of rice in Monsoon Asia (an area which extends across the Southeastern part of the continent of Asia from India to Japan, and includes practically all of the adjacent tropical and sub-tropical islands) is an eye-opener. It tells the story of the little white grain which we call rice from A to Z. The origin of rice—the various species of rice—the different phases of rice cultivation, harvesting and milling—all of these are analyzed and described at length.

But, being an economic survey, the book does much more. Every phase of rice economy is examined in detail. Markets, prices, price factors, price control schemes, consumption trends, potentialities for rice expansion are but a few of the aspects which the authors have treated.

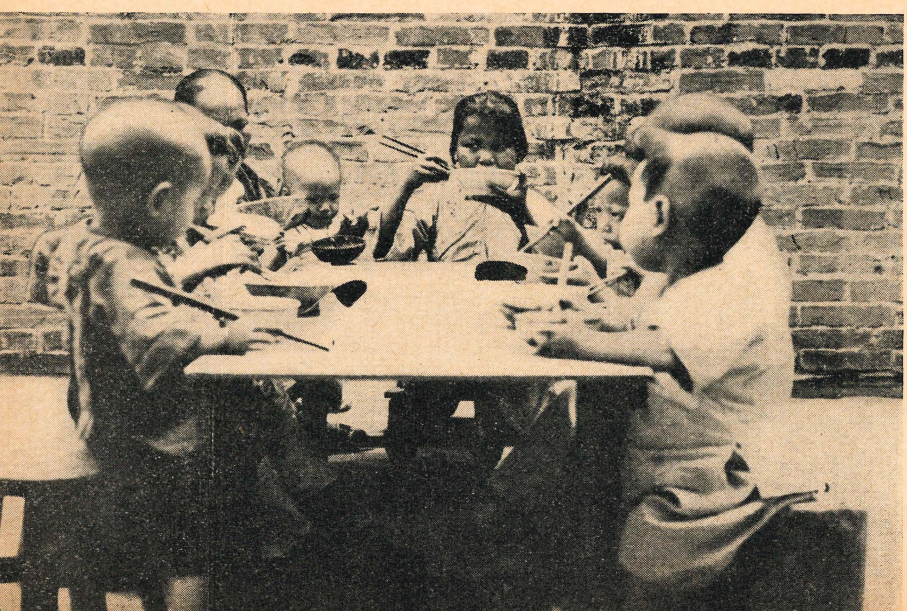
It is really in this latter capacity that the book is most valuable. When you realize (and you will after you have read it) that rice has been and still is the "staff of life" for millions and millions of people, when you learn that ninety-five percent of the world rice output is grown and consumed in Monsoon Asia and that countries such as Burma, Thailand and Indo-China derive as much as seventy percent of their total income from rice exports—then you begin to have some small comprehension of the importance of the "little pearly grain."

We of the Western Hemisphere take rice for granted. It is scarcely of great importance to us. But in reality, this tiny grain is a mighty force that can make or break a people. Today, when so much land is being scorched and laid waste by war, the question of rice cultivation in the Orient looms doubly large in importance. Famine may conquer where guns have failed. Well have the authors of this book written in conclusion:

"Whatever the future may hold, it is difficult to visualize any type of world order in which the problems of the Far East will cease to be of growing significance to the Western world. A genuine understanding of these problems involves recognizing rice as something more than just food for millions of people. Rice not only reflects the social and economic pattern of life for the agricultural masses of Monsoon Asia, but it is also a symbol of their hopes. Rice is the peasant farmer's means of subsistence, his first need and principal possession, his medium of exchange and standard of value. It is natural that this powerful identification of rice with his economic well-being should carry over into his family, social and religious life. Eventually, if imperfectly, the expression of man's hopes is translated into the political sphere. When rice is scarce or dear and families must go hungry, man will work harder and longer, but when his position seems to be without hope, he will also fight and kill to survive. Political maneuvering often obscures the underlying stresses and strains upon static, or even advancing, economies. So long as it remains the lifeblood of Monsoon Asia, there will be a crying need for more rice, both to satisfy the primitive wants of millions and to enhance the importance and dignity of human life for other millions."



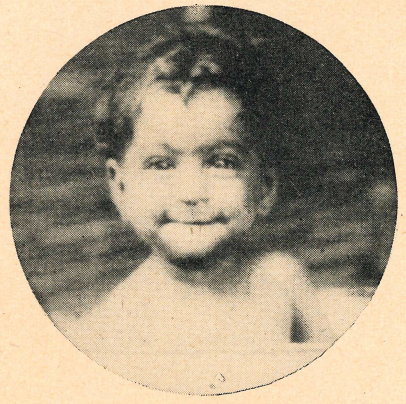
Plowing in the rice fields of China.

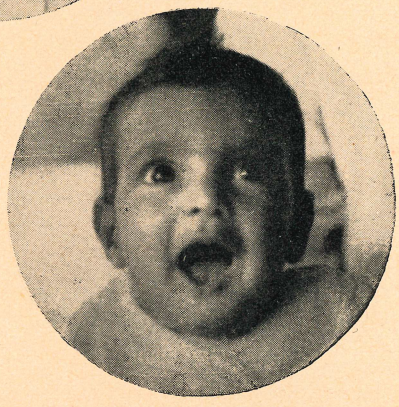


Rice is the "staff of life" for these Chinese youngsters.

"A Child Is Born To Us"

(IS. 9:6)





In the millions of little ones that are born each year Christ comes to us again and again.

In their baby cries He asks for food—for clothing—for shelter—for all that is good.

Last year in our nursery at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India we cared for 420 of these "other Babes."

But what is that when TWO MILLION AND MORE babies die each year in India?

Your GENEROSITY can help to solve this problem!

As your Christmas gift to the Christ-child GIVE NOW towards a nursery
for our new hospital-to-be in Rawalpindi!